

A Ballad reioysinge the sodaine fall,

Of Rebels that thought to deuoure vs all.

Ballad

Reioyce with me ye Christians all,
To God geue laude and prayse:
The Rebels route haue now the fall,
Their force and strength decayes.

Which hoped through their Traitors traine,
Their Prince and native soyle:
To put by their deuises baine,
Unto a deadly foile.

And with their Armies route in feilde,
Against their Prince did rise:
And thought by force of Speare and sheilde:
to win their enterpryse.

It was the Erle of VVestmerland,
that thought him selfe so sure:
By the aide of his Rebellious bande,
his countrie to deuoure.

The Erle eke of Northumberland,
his Traitorous parte did take:
With other Rebels of this Lande,
for Aue Marias sake.

Saying they sought for no debate,
Nor nothing els did meane:
But would this Realme weare in the state,
That it before hath ben.

What is that state I would faine knowe
That they would haue againe:
The Popish Masse it is I trowe,
With her abuses baine.

As by their doings may apeare,
In coming through ech Towne:
The Bibles they did rent and teare,
Like Traytours to the Crowne.

And Traytours vnto god likewise,
By right we may them call:
That do his lawes and worde despise,
Their Country Queene and all.

The lawes that he established,
According to Gods word,
They seeke to haue abolished,
By force of warre and sword.

forgetting cleane their loyaltie,
That to their Prince they owe:
Their faith and eke fidelitie,
That they to him should shewe.

And rather seeke to helpe the Pope,
His honour lost to winne,
In whom they put their faith and hope,
To pardon al their sinne.

That if they should their native Land,
Their Queene and God denie:
They should haue pardon at his hand,
for their iniquitie.

Therefore with those that loue the Pope,
They did their strength employ:
And thereby steadfastly did hope,
Gods flocke cleane to destroy,

And then set by within this Land,
In euery Church and towne:
Their Idols on Roodeloftes to stand,
Like gods of greate renoune.

Their Altars and tradicions olde,
With painted flocke and stone:
Pardons and Masses to be solde,
With Kerye leyon.

friers shoulde weare their olde graye Robones,
And Moides to shift shoulde com:
then Priests shoulde singe with Hauē Crownes
Dominus Vobiscum

All these and such like vaneties,
Shoulde then beare all the sway:
And gods word through such fantasies,
Shoulde cleane be layd away.

But like as god did them despise,
Which were in Moyses dayes:
That did a calfe of gold deuise,
As god to giue him prayse.

And for the same Idolatry,
In one day with the sword:
Did thye and twenty thousand dye,
That did neglect his worde.

The Children eke of Israell,
In Ezechias time:
He made among their foes to dwell,
That did Committe that Crime.

But when that Ezechias praied,
To God to helpe his owne:
The Lorde forthwith did send them aide,
Their foes weare ouerthrowne.

A Hundred Thousande Eightie fine,
By Gods Angelles weare slaine:
And none of them were left aliue,
That toke his name in Vaine.

Senacheris also the Kinge,
Then of the Assyrians:
As he his God was honouring,
Was slaine by his two Sonnes.

Like as he did those Rebels kill,
Which did his flocke pursue:
from time to time of his free will,
By force of Warre subdew.

As Holliferus and the rest,
He put them still to flight:
That had his little flocke opprest,
In presence of his sight.

So hath he now these Rebels all,
Through their vngodly trade:
Cast downe into the pit to fall,
That they for others made.

To whom still daily let vs praye,
Our noble Queene to sende,
A prosperous Raigne both night and day,
from her foes to defende.

Her and her Counsaile, Realme and all,
During her noble life:
And that Ill hap may them befall,
That seeke for Warre and strife.

FINIS.

Imprinted at London, in Fleetstreete, by William
Poole, for Henry Birkham, and are to be solde
at his shop at the middle North doore
of Pauls Church.